

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



A NATIONAL AND
INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE
"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE
THAT CANNOT SPEAK FOR
THEMSELVES"

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THE MASSACHUSETTS
SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION
OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS—
THE AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY.

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12

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals
The American Humane Education Society
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
—COWPER



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No. 12

Again to all our readers we wish the happiest Christmas life's circumstances make possible. If the truest happiness is found in seeking another's good rather than our own, Heaven grant that each of us may find something in the Day to make us glad it has come.

A New York fire department, watched by a great crowd of people on Fifth Avenue of that city as it rescued a pigeon entangled by a string to the spire of St. Patrick's Cathedral, witnesses to the growth of humane sentiment among us during the past fifty years.

It is a sad commentary upon the intelligence of the directors or managers of charity organizations when, to raise money, they invite such concerns as Rodeos or Wild West Shows to give exhibitions for their benefit. These performances always involve more or less cruelty or suffering on the part of animals. Certain New York charities have recently furnished a fine illustration of this.

The Royal S. P. C. A. of Great Britain, backed by the authority of a leading bee expert, is using its influence to stop the practice of confining bees in glass receptacles in shops and stores on the ground that it is a very real cruelty to bees.

If you are interested in the American Indian and his future as a citizen, and we hope you are, write for a copy of the September issue of the new magazine *The American Red Man*, 25 cents, 711 South Dearborn Street, Chicago.

The cruel practice of setting up horses' tails to satisfy a senseless and utterly cold-blooded desire to be considered in the fashion was the one thing that marred for some of us the recent Horse Show in Boston. If at another Horse Show in this State we find a horse in the condition in which we saw two at this recent Show we shall let the courts determine whether or not an anti-cruelty law is being violated.

John Galsworthy and the Magistrate

A LETTER from John Galsworthy to the *London Times* tells, in language that characterizes this celebrated author's championship of suffering animals, his opinion of those judges who deem cases of cruelty to some helpless animal deserving only of a petty fine:

SIR,—Suppose your paragraph in today's issue had run:—“Cruelty to a Magistrate. The defendant, who acted under some provocation, gripped him by the throat until blood came from his eyes, mouth, and nose. He then took him by the legs and hit his head against a wall until it was knocked to pulp. Afterwards he threw the magistrate into a river. A fine of £3 and costs was imposed.”

Of course there is a distinction between these two forms of animal life, but from the point of view of chivalry and justice, which is only chivalry systematized, the distinction is in favor of the dog, who is helpless, whereas a magistrate, they say, is not.
Very truly yours,
JOHN GALSWORTHY

Hampstead, April 26.

The Belgian Government by its new law for the protection of animals has prohibited the bull-fight. The agitation against this barbarous sport in France, let us hope, will ultimately stop it there.

A letter from the Secretary of the Royal S. P. C. A. of England, and a striking circular prepared by that Society, tells of the vigorous effort that is being made in England to arouse public opinion against the cruelties of the steel trap.

That distinguished French statesman, M. Poincaré, writing of a visit to Spain said, “Upon one point, however, I have not been able to conform to the desires of the people of Madrid; that afternoon there took place the inevitable bull-fight. Formerly I had witnessed these spectacles and they had left a memory of scenes tragic and sad.”

Ramsay MacDonald

HAVE you noticed the following things said by that remarkable English Prime Minister when here among us:

“When I reached Washington I called on a man whom I found working with his coat off.

“I said, ‘Hello, what are you doing?’ He said ‘I am blazing a trail for peace.’ And I said ‘I have come to help.’ And he said ‘My name is Herbert Hoover — who are you?’

“‘Oh,’ I said, ‘My name is MacDonald.’ Then both of us said ‘Have you any objections to my using my axe along side of yours—not to enrich our respective wood-piles, but that together we may cut the trail a bit broader, so that more people and more nations, because of our working side by side, shall find it easier to pursue the path we are opening up?’

“Europe today tells its political leaders there are risks in peace. It knows that the assumptions made between one nation and others that they are to conduct their affairs in sincerity and justice do lay the believing nation open to a certain amount of risk. I will take it! I will take it!

“If I build ship after ship I would be taking the risk of war. I take the risk of assuming you are men of your word. I am taking the risk of a peace which is temporary and in the end I will get a permanent peace.

“Every nation knows that by competition in armaments it has failed to get security.

“We are not to build walls that exclude each other, but temples that will attract one another.

“The understanding we have been trying to establish will be incomplete until it has become the common possession of all the nations on the face of the earth.”

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend.

RUSKIN

For Tiny Feet

ALFARETTA LANSING

Now as the Christmas Star shines bright,
And all the gentle kneel once more
At midnight, near a manger's light,
Let us be kinder than before.

Now when the winter snows are deep,
And hunger stalks and mad thirst wracks,
And there upon the ground you see
These myriad of tiny tracks,

Now in this season of good-will,
And wave of warm remembering,
Remember those who seek your door,
And those in steel-traps lingering.

And when you make your new resolves
Upon a fresh and unstained sheet,
Resolve: that earth shall be a kinder place
For all these tiny feet.

The Waste in Fur Trimmings

SEVERAL years ago Dr. William T. Hornaday, one of America's foremost champions of wild animal life, gave warning of the disappearance and doom of our fur-bearing animals. What he said then, we believe, is even truer today. Mark the following:—

"The crowning wickedness of fur fashions is found in fur trimmings, for the bottoms of coats and gowns, for sleeves, for extravagant collars, and to a small extent even upon hats.

"It would be interesting if some fur manufacturer or dealer in fur garments would take the trouble to make a calculation of the percentage of fur that annually is wasted from the annual product used in fur garments.

"It is unnecessary to dwell at length on the so-called 'summer furs,' because they represent nothing but a moment of hysteria in fur fashions. The instant that Dame Fashion waves her hand in a deprecating way and announces that 'They are not wearing summer furs,' down go the summer furs forever. At present, however, the up-to-date young lady feels that they are necessary to the preservation of feminine life in hot weather, and for a brief season they will remain.

"It is worse than useless to seek to impress the buyers of fur garments with the necessity of conserving fur. The only remedy lies among the designers and makers of fur garments. They, and they alone, have it in their power to check the reckless and wicked waste that now is going on. Concerted action on the part of the fur trade might easily effect, through this channel, a real result in conservation. Thus far, however, we have not been able to observe the slightest sign of awakening to the realities of the situation."

"Gripped in the Teeth of Steel" is the title of a new 8-page pamphlet issued by the Mass. S. P. C. A. Its purpose will be to aid in eradicating the cruelties of trapping by making the use of the trap illegal.

Join the Jack London Club and register your disapproval of cruelty in trained animal acts. Present membership is more than 475,000. Send your name for enrolment to *Our Dumb Animals*.

From Jack London Club, Cape Town

President, Massachusetts S. P. C. A.
Dear Sir,

For some years past we have been making an effort to put a stop to the "trained animal" turns, but so far without much success, excepting that we have influenced hundreds of boys and girls against attending the circus.

However, what we are anxious to do is to make some impression on the proprietors of the Cinemas, and so we are organizing with the view of ensuring that those who are in sympathy with us will leave their seats at a performance when performing animal turns are exhibited.

Can you give us any information as to the success of this method of protesting in the United States and can you forward any literature which might assist?

We have formed a powerful committee of Scout Officers who are all determined to leave no fair means untried to help the unfortunate animals which are forced to lead such unnatural lives.

I have in front of me a letter dated May 1, 1926, from your Society to the then Hon. Secretary of our branch of the "Jack London" Club in which you offered to help, hence this appeal to you.

Yours sincerely,

EDGAR TIDMAN,
Acting. Hon. Secretary

The Legislator and the Trap

A LEGISLATOR, who is very much interested in the conservation of wild life, recently told of his experience as a boy trapper that could be duplicated in the cases of scores of boys. One day, on making his inspection of traps, he found one of them gone. He thought it had been carefully anchored to a nearby tree, but that tracks in the snow indicated that a raccoon had been caught and had pulled the trap loose. He traced it until the trail led into the woods where the snow was gone. He searched long that day and came back on several other occasions to renew the hunt but without success. Two weeks after the loss of the trap, his father came home one day and said—"Sam, I think you will find your trap in the ditch along the road just below the barn." He went hurriedly to the place indicated, and, sure enough, there was his trap, being dragged along slowly and painfully by a raccoon now reduced to a mere bundle of disheveled fur. He quickly dispatched the animal but the pelt was so badly damaged that it was not worth removing. For two whole weeks that animal had struggled to find an elusive food supply, only to starve and endure the excruciating pain inflicted by its relentless leg iron. "That was the last animal I ever caught in a steel trap," said the legislator, "and I stand ready to put such traps out of business."

—Nature Magazine

"Dog World" Says

THE New York law against cropping prohibits ear trimming on and after Sept. 1, 1929. Cropped dogs can be imported for breeding purposes. Applicants for dog licenses must state whether dog has trimmed ears. The guilt is not only in trimming but in owning a dog trimmed after the date stated.

The Massachusetts law against cropping or trimming went into effect on Sept. 1, 1928. Dogs whose ears were trimmed after this date, whether from this or another state, can not be shown at a show in this state.

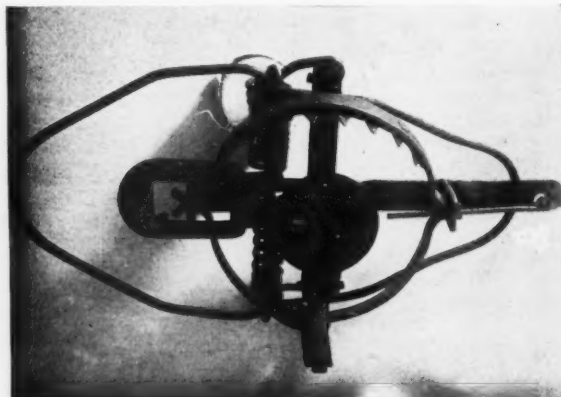
Connecticut also has a law against cropping. These three states are the only states that have laws against cropping.

The state of Massachusetts, through the Registrar of Motor Vehicles, George A. Parker, has announced a procedure that is about the greatest bit of legal news concerning the dog in many years. The state auto law requiring drivers to stop at an accident and to report the accident, is now applied not only where humans are injured but dogs also.

The increasing number of deaths of dogs on the highways and the heartlessness of the hit-and-run drivers in leaving the dogs to writhe in pain by the roadside, prompted this decision. We hope every other state in the country interprets the law likewise. Our congratulations to the state of Massachusetts.

Edwin Markham's "Fate of the Fur Folk"

At a social gathering in Copley M. E. Church, Boston, in late October, Dr. Edwin Markham, dean of American poets, gave a reading at which he presented his forceful argument against the steel-trap, "The Fate of the Fur Folk." This poem, originally published in *The Ladies' Home Journal*, was reprinted in *Our Dumb Animals* several years ago. It is now printed in leaflet form for gratuitous distribution, and a copy will be mailed free to anyone sending his address for this purpose to *Our Dumb Animals*, Boston. In a recent anthology, "Animal Lover's Knapsack," there are five selections from the poems of Dr. Markham, who is a great friend to the cause of animal protection.



ONE OF THE MOST FIENDISH DEVICES OF ARREST AND CAPTURE EVER INVENTED BY THE HUMAN BRAIN

The Christmas Spirit

NIXON WATERMAN

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast;
but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel.—
Proverbs xii., 10.

A righteous man is mindful of his beast;
He owns compassion for God's creatures,
all;

Nor mid the comfort of his Christmas feast
Forgets he those in cleft or cote or stall.

Nor suffers he the joyous day to pass
Without a gift bestowed on such as them,
For knows he not it was an humble ass
On which Christ's mother rode to Bethlehem?

The Christmas spirit, if it stands for aught,
Will mercy grant to every living thing;
Unless the heart with tenderness is fraught
It must forego the grace the day would bring.

He, in the truer sense, has ceased to live
Who is, by Christmas charity, unmoved;
They who the most receive the most do give,
And he who loves the most, the most is loved.

Useful Reindeer

CHARLES I. REID

A RUSSIAN photographer recently sent to a friend here in America a photographic record of an unusual employment for a reindeer team. Five of the sturdy reindeer found in Lapland and the tundras of northern Russia, hitched to a sled intended for travel over snow, drew a priest rapidly over the mossy ground to a dying man some fifty miles distant. The deer seemed to enjoy the sport as much as if they were traveling over snow.

Reindeer are the sole means of livelihood for large tribes of Laplanders and Samoyedes of the tundras of North Russia, supplying flesh for food, skins for clothing and milk for babies and other people. During the winter months the owners of these teams sometimes migrate to Archangel and other towns of North Russia and there engage in the jitney business, carrying passengers for small fares.



REINDEER DRAWING PRIEST OVER MOSSY GROUND TO DYING MAN
FIFTY MILES AWAY

St. Francis of Assisi

WALTER A. DYER

AS the Christmas season approaches, I am minded to abandon my habit of writing about birds and animals and write about a man. My reason is not far to seek, for this man was at once the originator of some of our most cherished Christmas customs and a devoted friend of the creatures of field and forest. He was, indeed, a pioneer in the be-kind-to-animals movement.

Had it not been for this man, it is a question whether Christmas Day would have become the feast of joy that it is. We might have inherited some sort of merry mid-winter celebration from our Saxon and Viking ancestors, but it is doubtful whether the Birthday of Our Lord would have been made the occasion for it.

The story of St. Francis of Assisi is fascinating from beginning to end. Born in the twelfth century, in beautiful Umbria, Italy, he abandoned wealth and position to lead a life of piety, charity, and simplicity. With all his mysticism and religious extravagances, he was the most human of the saints. His followers were a merry group. Much of the joyousness and humanity of our religious and semi-religious observances may be traced directly to him. He was the great Kindheart of the Middle Ages.

Up to that time Christmas had been observed as a solemn ceremonial. The early fathers of the church apparently did not celebrate it at all. St. Francis believed it could be made more significant if turned into a day of thanksgiving and praise and gladness. He was, more or less directly, the author of several of our familiar Christmas customs, such as the exchanging of gifts and the decoration of churches.

His neighbors, the people of Greccio and Assisi, were simple folk, little used to dealing in abstractions. Concrete symbols they could better understand. St. Francis wanted to make the meaning of Christmas plain and significant to them; he wanted them to visualize the Child in the stable. He was the first to attempt a reconstruction of that scene, now so familiar to all Catholics and many Protestants. He obtained from the

Pope special permission to make the innovation. He filled a manger with hay and constructed a rude representation of the Child. Then he brought into the church live animals from the barn and dooryard to look upon it. Candles and torches were lighted, greenery was introduced, and the church took on a festive appearance that it had not known before.

The idea spread rapidly. The responsive heart of all Italy was touched by the picture, and from that time on Christmas came to mean more to the people. St. Francis made gifts to the children and the poor, and the people took up the custom. How different Christmas would seem now without the observances that have grown out of these innovations of St. Francis of Assisi.

But the saint did not forget his more lowly friends. During his solitary sojourn in the wilderness he came to know and to love the birds and animals and all God's living creatures, and ever afterward he preached kindness to them. He may not have realized it, but he was a true pantheist. He saw God in everything—in the birds and beasts and flowers, in the trees and brooks and wind. In his poetic writings he speaks lovingly of all creatures as his brothers and sisters—robins, turtle-doves, sheep and lambs, the wolf, the nightingale, the grasshopper, the lark, the leveret, the wild rabbit, the pheasant, the falcon. It was St. Francis who tamed and saved the savage wolf of Gubbio. At the Portinuncular, where the brethren came to dwell, he built nests for the pigeons, and there they fed the birds of the air. He believed that God bestowed a special grace on those who were kind to animals.

And so Christmas may well be a day of rejoicing for our friendly domestic animals and for the furry and feathered denizens of the field and wood, the little brothers and sisters of St. Francis. He was well in advance of his time in the slow process of teaching man to be kind to the animals that had once looked on the face of the new-born Child. We have not yet learned all that he taught of that truth. This, from his writings, is worth remembering at the Christmas season:

"If I could talk to the Emperor, I would beg him that, for the love of God and me, he would command by law that no lark should be trapped or killed, and likewise on the day of Our Lord's birth all rulers should oblige men to strew grain upon the roads, so that our sisters the larks and all other birds might have enough to eat; and that, because on that day the Son of God was born of the Blessed Virgin in a manger between an ox and an ass, all who have oxen and asses might out of reverence be forced to feed them well; and likewise the poor on that day should be abundantly fed by the wealthy."

Thus has St. Francis of Assisi become the patron saint of Christmas Day, and thus has kindness to animals become the text for a Christmas sermon.

O hearts of men,
Grow soft again!
Miracles happen now as when
On Mary mild
The Savior smiled:
Christ lives in every newborn child!

Annual Fair of Auxiliary

Substantial Sum Netted for Animal Hospital by Efforts of Women

ANNUALLY at the building of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, there is held a Fair by the Women's Auxiliary, the proceeds being devoted largely to the work of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. This year the event came on Thursday, November 7, and while there had been some misunderstanding as to the date and the attendance was not so large as in earlier years, the occasion proved to be a delightful and profitable one for all who found their way to the institution. An early feature was the presentation of a medal to the dog hero, "Prince," in the presence of the little girl whom he rescued from the railway tracks as told elsewhere in this number.

One of the most active workers in the Auxiliary is Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, chairman of the work committee which meets regularly to sew for the Hospital. In appreciation of her faithful service she was presented before the assembled visitors and attendants, by President Francis H. Rowley, in behalf of the Auxiliary, with a handsome spray of roses, the day of the Fair happening to be her birthday.

The executive offices and spacious corridors on the second floor of the Society's building were gaily decorated with greens and colored papers, setting off to advantage the great variety of articles offered—from a nickel package of candy to a barrel of apples.

Following is the personnel of the workers:—antique and white elephant table: Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, chairman, Miss Alice M. Ware, and Miss Kate M. Walker; apron table: Mrs. C. C. Olmstead, chairman, Mrs. A. F. LaRose, Mrs. A. H. Smith, Mrs. Marion Nicholson, and Miss Sarah E. Addie; candy table: Mrs. Charles F. Rowley, chairman, Miss Alice Rowley, Mrs. Esmond Rowley, Mrs. John Tyler, and Mrs. Francis H. Rowley; utility table: Mrs. Howard F. Woodward, chairman, Mrs. George H. Wright, Mrs. Anthony Warfield, and Mrs. Cordelia I. Williamson; food table: Mrs. Fred B. Kimball, chairman, Mrs. William L. Edwards, Mrs. Ralph H. Baldwin, Miss Fanny Fay Gray, and Mrs. F. H. Newton; Concord table: Mrs. Guy Richardson, chairman, and Mrs. Husband.

The afternoon bridge was in charge of Mrs. E. L. Klahre, chairman, Mrs. Edward C. Brown, and Mrs. Gertrude Linton. In the cafeteria lunch, afternoon tea and supper were served under the direction of Mrs. Edith Washburn Levinstein, chairman, J. Lee Mellsop, Mrs. Sarah E. Baker, and Miss Helen W. Potter.

Untiring in her zeal for the prosperity of the Auxiliary, Mrs. Levinstein, the efficient president, who headed the general committee on the Fair, is entitled to the heartiest thanks of the Hospital officials, and her faithful co-workers share with her in this word of appreciation. The officers of the Auxiliary wish to thank all who contributed either money or articles for the sale, and to say that acknowledgments of everything received will be sent in due season.

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Be Kind to Animals Anniversary, April 21 to 26; Humane Sunday, April 27, 1930.

The Whistler

W. S. LONG

THE casual tourist is winding his way slowly upward in corkscrew fashion over some of the higher mountain passes of the Northwest, when he is startled by a piercing whistle which comes tumbling down over the jumbled rock slides, to echo and re-echo from the distant mountain sides.

It is nothing more dangerous than the hoary marmot, or whistler, which, from the



"WHISTLING" OR "HOARY MARMOT"

Photograph taken on side of Mt. Ranier in Ranier National Park

doorway of his den a half mile above and to one side, has been watching the never-ending stream of automobiles all summer.

This animal, one of the largest of our rodents, looks much like an overgrown woodchuck, of which it is a first cousin. On a quiet day its piercing whistle may be heard for a mile or more and is one of the characteristic sounds of the higher mountains of the northwestern United States.

Comparatively little is known concerning the habits of this interesting little creature. It is diurnal in its habits and likes to take up a lookout from some high rock or other commanding point near its den and there survey the surrounding country, just as an eagle loves to circle on outspread wings over the same spot for hours at a time. Here its extraordinarily keen eyesight and hearing make it most difficult to stalk, and at the first alarm it retires to the mouth of the den. If the danger comes too close it disappears inside and may not reappear for hours. Were it not for this extreme watchfulness the whistler would soon be exterminated by its natural enemies, the eagles, bears and other predatory animals.

In late summer, when the mountain sides are covered with grass and flowers, the whistler gorges itself daily and becomes excessively fat. At the approach of cold weather it retires to its den and begins the long, death-like sleep known as hibernation, which may last six months or more.

In the spring it is out again even before the snow is gone, and a few weeks later, three or four young are born. These sometimes remain with the mother until almost grown, and may den up for the winter in the home den. The whistler is one of the most characteristic little animals of our Northwest, and its passing would leave a void not to be filled by any other.

Not Only Silly But Cruel

THE *Richmond Times-Dispatch* publishes this:

KINGSTON, N. C., Sept. 19—Elaborate plans are being made here for the first cat-washing contest ever held in North Carolina. D. Eugene Wood is sponsoring the contest to be staged at the Fair Grounds October 10 or 11.

Mr. Wood announces the rules for the cat-washing contest today. Only boys between the ages of 12 and 18 will be permitted to compete. There will be first, second and third prizes of cash, the sums to be announced later. The contestants will line upon a chalk mark before the grandstand and at the word "scat" begin washing the cats. The youth who makes the best job of washing a cat in a stipulated time—Mr. Wood believes fifteen minutes ought to be long enough—will win first prize. There will be three judges.

Each contestant will be required to furnish his own cat, pan and soap.

Cats must be at least eight months of age, and must be common back-fence or roof-top felines. House-bred cats are barred.

"I believe it will be a splendid diversion," Mr. Wood stated. "I estimate that fifty boys will enter the contest. Any boy residing within seventy-five miles of Kingston will be welcomed. When the fifty or more youngsters produce fifty or more cats from sacks or boxes and line up to begin the scrubbing the fur will fly. I am delighted with the idea."

This seems too idiotic, to say nothing of the cruelty to the cats involved, to be true. Later. According to another dispatch this miserable contest did take place at what is known as the Ten County Fair in North Carolina and was promoted by the Fair Association. North Carolina evidently has no humane society.

Rev. Richard Carroll

One of the ablest leaders in the religious and educational advancement of the Southern Negro was Richard Carroll who passed away, October 30, at his home in Columbia, S. C.

Mr. Carroll was widely distinguished as a preacher and lecturer. In 1911 he was made a representative of the American Humane Education Society of Boston, his work as an editor, his eloquence and high character first having attracted the notice of Mrs. Geo. T. Angell. Further recognition quickly followed.

Mr. Carroll was honored by three Presidents. He was appointed a chaplain in the army by President Harding. With the late Booker T. Washington he was invited to a child welfare conference at Washington, D. C., by President Roosevelt. President Wilson tendered him the ministry to Liberia which had to be declined through ill health.

With an all-absorbing desire to be of service to his race Mr. Carroll overcame many handicaps and rose to a position of honor and influence. He leaves a widow, four daughters and a son, Seymour Carroll, who succeeds his father as a field representative of the American Humane Education Society.

..

Remember The American Humane Education Society of Boston when making your will.

Ex-Governor Baxter not a Hunter

THE following communication was received from Former Governor Baxter of Portland, Maine:

In the Maine newspapers there appeared a dispatch from Bangor entitled, "Ex-Gov. Baxter brings out his deer." This statement is without any foundation and in justice to me and the humane cause for which I stand, should be corrected.

I have not been in the Maine woods during the hunting season this year nor for twenty-five years past and would not be guilty of shooting such an innocent, beautiful and harmless a creature as a deer. No one loves the woods of Maine more than I do, and the slaughter that goes on there each year during the open season distresses me.

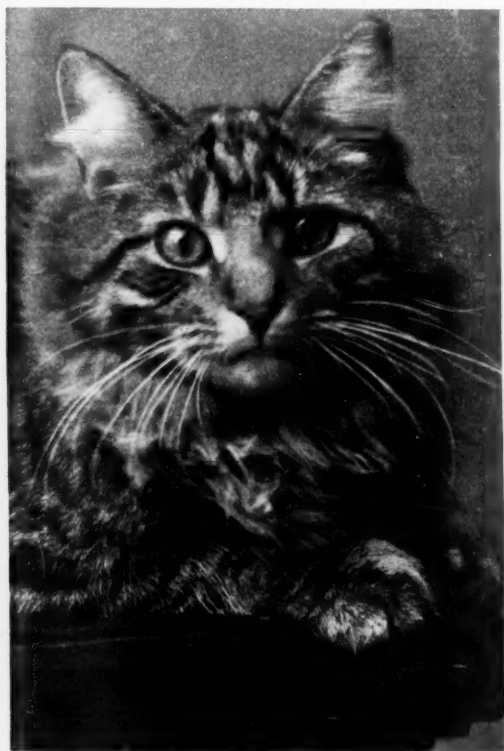
I hope the time will come in Maine when human beings will find some more humane and worthy manner by which to amuse themselves than through the death and suffering of these timid, warm-blooded creatures of the wild.

Each individual must settle this question according to his own conscience and it is not for me to criticize those who hunt. For myself, however, I do not want the people of Maine to think of me as a hunter and as one who "brings out his deer."

PERCIVAL P. BAXTER

A farmer engaged a young lawyer to prosecute a damage suit against a railroad which had killed twenty-four of the farmer's hogs.

"The loss of twenty-four hogs is no small item to this poor farmer," said the youthful counsel, trying to impress the jury. "Twenty-four hogs, gentlemen—twice the number in that jury box."



"NO GOOD CAT EVER IS FORGOTTEN"

A True Story of a Common Cat

EDWARD E. WHITING

AS the cold winds begin to blow and there is a hint of heavy snows in the air, and as we sit closer at home and feel grateful for comfort and security, my mind goes back some few years to a high hilltop in Berkshire county, and a yellow cat, roaming the dark woods at night and living as cats may in the wild country. This is the story of "Tommy." It is a true story; there is something of tragedy in it, much of drama, a deal of mystery. It has a happy ending.

Back thirty years ago my parents bought an old farm in the town of Otis, but some five miles from the village. A remote, isolated, beautiful place, the house perched on the hill, about 1,800 feet above sea level. Standing on the front piazza one looked across a rolling expanse of low hills, and on the horizon stretched a purplish haze of mountains melting into the sky. Behind the house the slope rose another 50 feet, to a bare, bleak, stone-cropped summit whence the watcher saw a great sweep of horizon, with Mt. Tom, Greylock, Monadnock and, on clear days, the Catskills in the distance. Woods of maple, beech, oak, birch and pine, with some ash and other trees swept like a benediction along the slopes of our farm.

When we took over this great old place there went with it, along with farm tools, horses, Jersey cows, and other farm necessities, two cats—"Tommy" and "Beauty." If ever there was a married couple, here was one! They were devoted. When Beauty had her little family of yellow kittens to care for, Tom provided her with wild food. The house gave her milk and odds and ends, but it was Tommy's delight to bring her field mice, and we could see him come across the mowing with a mouse in his mouth. Now, let's keep clear of moralizing at this point on the hunting proclivities of cats. I have no quarrel with them. I may write something about this some day, but not here. I love birds, and all living things; but I will not judge the cat, or other animals who are as the Lord made them. Just as the fact let it be said that Tommy brought Beauty field mice, not birds.

But that is not the story. The hired farmer who had charge of the place owned several dogs. It is not easy to mix dogs and cats, unless they have been brought up together. Here is another of nature's ways with which I shall not quarrel. The facts in this case were that Beauty, after some months disappeared. We always supposed one of the farmer's dogs killed her, and we mourned her. Tommy remained a short time after Beauty went, and then disappeared. We felt sure he had also fallen a victim to the dogs, and we mourned again—and even more, for Tommy was a most engaging cat, firm-fleshed, sleek, responsive, soft-furred—not like a city tomcat, but a bit of wild life consenting to human companionship.

We did not forget Tommy, and often spoke of him as of a friend lost. Time passed, and with it the farmer's reign. On a spring day he packed his household goods on wagons, prepared to depart with his family on the morrow.

On the day he packed his wagons, Tommy reappeared. He sat perched on one of the highest rafters in the great old red barn, safely out of reach of dogs or men. There the old fellow sat, leaning his head over and watching the goings and comings of those beneath. We called him, tried to tempt him with a saucer of cream; but he moved not. Night came, and on the high rafter slept, or watched, Tommy.

The next day the farmer, his family and his dogs, departed. The caravan had not gone a quarter of a mile down the road when Tommy came trotting and chirruping to the west door of the house. He rubbed, purring and joyous, against our legs, arched his fine yellow back, nosed into once-familiar corners of the kitchen, and then settled down, crouching, to a saucer of cream, his tail gently swaying at the end, lapping contentedly the renewal of things as they had been.

Where had he been? All through the last half of the summer before, through the winter—and they have old-fashioned winters in the Berkshire hills—through the melting spring, Tommy must have ranged the fields and woods, living maybe in deserted, tumbled-down barns or sheds, perhaps in caves or other natural shelters. Tommy for those long months had gone wild. He had skipped back some thousands of years to the time when his kind were self-sufficient wanderers of the woods.

But, and here is the point of the whole story, while he had gone wild in his way of living, the ties of civilization had stuck. The claim of human companionship had stayed with him. Else, how was it that he made his reappearance on the very day that the farmer's loaded wagons stood in the yard?

I feel sure about Tommy. He liked us; and though circumstances told him he must make his living elsewhere or perish before hostile forces, he kept his eye on home. Like some wandering exile, he crept close in the dark hours, and peered in the lighted windows. The thought of warm firesides, of stroking hands, of saucers of food by the kitchen stove, the memory of a pleasant couch or chair in the living room, a thought of his favorite spot in the spring sunshine on the south steps—these lived with him.

Tommy had faith in us, in the future, in the gods of nature, and the gods of homes and friendship. Very likely cats have their gods. So he watched and waited, patiently, unspoiled. He came back.

Tommy lived his span of life, a good cat, loyal to his friends, faithful to the demands of cat nature. He has gone to the place for good cats; and he is not forgotten. For no good cat ever is forgotten.

"I heard the bells on Christmas day,
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet the words repeat,
Of peace on earth, good will to men."

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

DECEMBER, 1929

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. Addressed envelope with full return postage should be enclosed with each manuscript submitted.

Again the Traffic in Canaries

WE are confident our readers have only the faintest idea of the extent to which the importation of these small birds into this country has gone. We are indebted to the *Saturday Evening Post* for the statements which follow and which appeared in that widely-read magazine in what has every mark of being a trustworthy article. Under the title "Rollers and Choppers" as told by Mara Evans, is recounted the story of a son of a Hartz-Mountains canary-breeder who seems to have introduced these birds into the United States, arriving here years ago with a small consignment and establishing a pet shop which has grown until now it occupies an eight-story building where more than 80,000 birds are annually sold. The article says, "In 1922 America imported 192,000 canaries; in 1925, 492,514 valued at \$748,381. That year there were nearly 1,000,000 birds sold in the United States, in all bringing in well toward \$30,000,000, including receipts for cages, feed, and accessories.

If only 2,000 die during the voyage out of a consignment of 16,000 it is still considered a profitable investment. Ten thousand were burned to death some time ago in a New York fire. While with intelligent care we are told the average healthy canary can live in good song from 15 to 18 years, the majority of the "holiday trade victims die before they have reached that many months."

Carefully bred and cared for, it is said, they will grow to develop an almost unbelievable intelligence, possessing distinctive personalities, friendly, confiding and responsive. If their water or seed cups need replenishing they will stand by the cup, often, and call. They so love cleanliness that over their freshly cleaned cage they will nearly always burst into song, and the need of the bath they so love becomes a torture. The cheerful room, the sound of voices, the company of another bird—though it should be of their own sex—mean everything to them. The variety of little tender leaves raised in a window-box, perhaps, from their own mixed seed; the occasional piece of sweet apple; the bit of dry toast left between the bars; the cuttle bone and clean fresh gravel; the careful

clipping of the tiny claws and delicate vaselining of the tired little feet, that must cling day after day, year after year, to the same hard, round, unnatural perches unless an understanding owner has eased the ache by at least one flat perch!—all these things, including the shaded light after the little wild birds outside have quieted down among the leaves, and the covering for the cage after a window has perhaps been raised for the night, hundreds of well-loved fortunate birds have done for them—and hundreds of thousands do not. Multitudes of them die from sheer neglect. They die from being left hanging over radiators, or in cold draughts, or the tortures of the sun blazing on their unprotected metal cages.

Another thing that is constantly being done by thoughtless women is to loan a male bird to someone having a female, with the understanding that he is to be returned to the owner as soon as the eggs are laid. The cruelty of this, to anyone with a true understanding of these birds, needs scarcely be mentioned. If the owner relents and carries him back to his mate he will usually begin immediately to feed her, or the young, direct from his own little throat without having first to go to the cage food, showing how he has been "just waiting." But the return means another nest, always with the unwanted, "worthless" though lovely, tiny intelligent females, which the professional breeders are selling to the traveling carnival shows at from five cents up, to be raffled off as we have all seen. A recent newspaper census placed the number disposed of in this fashion at more than 90,000 annually. An estimate of how many outlive the year is not given.

A furniture store in Atlanta last year advertised 500 guaranteed songsters, "fifty cents down and fifty cents a month, no cash payments accepted as we want you on our books." The exploitation is going on everywhere. Whereas a few years ago the price of these birds assured them of a good home and intelligent care, they may now be acquired by anybody possessing fifty cents. Even the little wooden cage is given free in many cases.

The writer who has called our attention to this whole subject and who has been studying it for years writes us:

"If department stores, furniture stores and such cannot soon be shut off from the competition they have for the last several years indulged in, thus encouraging the domestic breeders by the quantities of songsters they buy, it is not going to be long until these breeders will be able to dispose of females (which sex usually predominate in the breeding) to the ten-cent stores, to be bought as living toys for children, on a par with the baby-chick sales at Easter, and God help the timid, exquisite little things then!

"As stated in the opening of this communication, I have devoted time, money, and heartache to personal investigation of this traffic. The living decorations for which purpose these birds are used in public places amid 'the bright lights' (the S. P. C. A. in the present city requested electric light bulbs removed from inside two cages of birds decorating the lobby of a moving-picture house here) can sufficiently harrow the sensibilities of humanely disposed human beings, but these are fortunate compared

with what I have managed to find out of their fate in other ways.

"What other living creatures can be mentioned connected with which 2,000 deaths occurring as the result of the same voyage on the same ship—being transported for commercial purposes—should not merit the protection of humane laws?"

Now what can our readers do about lessening the evils connected with this sad traffic? Visit bird stores and protest wherever conditions appear detrimental to the health and contentment of the birds; ask that they be protected from the glaring sunlight by day and electric lights at night; notify the S. P. C. A. of any place where conditions are bad and where the proprietor does not at once remedy them; talk to your friends about the cruelties connected with this traffic in canaries; if you are teachers talk to your pupils about it; refuse to patronize stores that deal in these birds simply as a side issue to attract customers; write an article for your local newspaper telling some of these facts—in a word create all the public opinion possible in the interests of these myriads of little creatures who so often sing amid surroundings that would still the music of any human heart.

George Meredith and Animals

In the recently published "Life of George Meredith," by R. E. Sencourt, we have found the following:

"In my household, animals are treated as one of ourselves and I have not found friendship with a beast to be profitless." Lord Coleridge had tried to get his support against vivisection, but though Meredith's sympathy was with him, he said he did not want to overrule scientists about their own business. "When I read of pain caused to one of the beasts," he said, "I am struck through the frame, so you can imagine that in not immediately seconding you I went against my feelings."

From Korea

From far off Korea comes the good news of excellent work done by an earnest little group, largely of women, through the Chosen S. P. C. A. Providing watering troughs, treating sick and injured animals, distributing literature among those never interested in animals, keeping an inspector busy, holding an exposition to inform the public of its work, observing an Animal Protection Day—these are among the fine things done this past year by this vigorous organization with its necessarily limited resources.

It Was a Mistake

Last month we called attention to a paragraph in a Sunday-school paper published by a "great Protestant demonization in the South" lauding a fox hunt. The editor of the paper, with whom we correspond, has told us of his sincere regret that any such paragraph ever appeared in the paper. It was an example of something finding a place in the publication that escaped the editor's eye. We are glad to say this, as the paper has always been anxious to cooperate with us.

Sympathy for the lower animals is one of the noblest virtues with which man is endowed. DARWIN



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor
ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer
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MONTHLY REPORT

Miles traveled by humane officers	13,440
Cases investigated	609
Animals examined	5,766
Number of prosecutions	16
Number of convictions	15
Horses taken from work	82
Horses humanely put to sleep	98
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,122
Stock-yards and Abattoirs	
Animals inspected	17,121
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	16

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Anna Clifford Howard of Whitman, Elizabeth K. Whittier of Brookline, Walter A. Putnam of Warren, and Harry D. Lewis of New York. November 12, 1929.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief
R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Ass't Chief
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
C. G. HALL, D.V.M.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Dispensary for Animals

Hours from 2 to 4, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday. Saturday, from 11 to 1.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR OCTOBER

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	671	Cases	2,106
Dogs	490	Dogs	1,688
Cats	169	Cats	382
Birds	7	Birds	27
Horses	3	Horses	4
Hen	1	Monkey	1
Skunk	1	Hen	1
		Rat	1
		Guinea Pig	1
		Skunk	1

Operations 563

Hospital cases since opening Mar. 1,

'15 84,020

Dispensary Cases 165,238

Total 249,258

MASSACHUSETTS S.P.C.A. IN THE COURTS

Convictions in October

For subjecting a cat to unnecessary suffering and cruelty after being caught in a steel trap, a defendant was fined \$20.

Cruelly breaking the leg of a yellow snipe by hitting with stone, found guilty, case filed.

Driving a galled horse, \$50 fine and one month's sentence to House of Correction, latter suspended.

Non-feeding three hens (July to October) \$15 fine.

Cruelly cutting off tails of three puppies, \$5 fine.

Overcrowding fowls, \$25 fine.

Selling a horse that was unfit for labor, \$20 fine, committed for non-payment.

Authorizing and permitting horse to be subjected to unnecessary suffering and cruelty, \$25 fine. Upon appeal to Superior Court, plea of *nolo* allowed and \$15 as expenses levied.

Beating a horse, \$20 fine, appealed, fine sustained in Superior Court; defendant committed for non-payment. After two days in jail paid fine.

Inflicting unnecessary cruelty upon horse by tying ankles in pasture, \$20 fine.

Non-feeding (I) dog, (II) horse, (I) convicted, case filed, (II) \$20 fine.

Cruelly driving horse when unfit for labor by reason of debility and raw sores, \$20 fine. Horse ordered destroyed.

Cruelly shooting dog through stomach with 22-calibre bullet, \$50 fine.

Authorizing and permitting horse to be cruelly driven when unfit for labor, \$25 fine.

The Horses' Christmas

MAUD WOOD HENRY

Come, all you folk of Boston town,
A pleasant thing to see;
Look yonder there out in the square—
The "Horses' Christmas Tree"
Is loaded down with Yuletide cheer,
A blessing in their work-filled year.

All you who walk the streets give pause
And ponder on this sight
You've often seen—this evergreen
Tree with its gifts bedight
For faithful horses, tired and old
Who daily plod through storm and cold.

They well deserve a Christmas feast.
Who needs one more than they
Who never shirk the hardest work
Assigned them day by day,
And whose reward is, at the best,
A little food, a few hours' rest?

The hundreds of these toiling beasts
Who will today rejoice
In warming food which they find good
Cannot to thanks give voice,
But every work-horse in the square
Will bless the donors for his share.

The Christmas Tree for Horses

Another outdoor, public, Christmas celebration for the benefit of the work-horses will be held in Post Office Square, Boston, on Tuesday, the day before the holiday. The horses are still with us. There are 8,000 in Greater Boston, according to official figures. Several hundreds will be with us for a Christmas feed, although conditions in and surrounding our customary place are anything but favorable. Even with the demolition of the Post Office going on and the vexatious congestion of traffic, we shall bid welcome to the horse and his driver. Our permit to occupy the Square throughout the day, to the exclusion of automobiles, will be enforced by police aid. Oats, apples, carrots a-plenty, will be ready to serve to the horses at all hours. Their drivers will be welcome as always, and generously treated, and there will be a real Christmas Tree with fitting decorations. It's a unique celebration. It originated in Boston. We have been told a hundred times that it is the finest and best public, free-for-all demonstration on the humane calendar.

SEMI-ANNUAL STATEMENT

Statement of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., of *Our Dumb Animals*, published monthly, at Norwood, Mass., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Publishers—The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Norwood, Mass.
Editor—Guy Richardson, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass.

Managing Editor—Francis H. Rowley, President, Back Bay Station, Boston, Mass.
Business Managers—Officers of the Mass. S. P. C. A.

Owners: (If a corporation, gives names and addresses of stockholders holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of stock.)

The Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (Charitable Corporation.) All funds and property controlled by Board of Directors. Francis H. Rowley, President; Guy Richardson, Secretary; Albert A. Pollard, Treasurer.

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities.

None.

Guy Richardson, Editor
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this fourth day of November, 1929.

L. Willard Walker, Notary Public
[Seal] (My commission expires Jan. 30, 1931.)

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and The American Humane Education Society extend the Season's Greetings to their many friends in all parts of the world, and trust that the Spirit of Christmas may be extended to the animals in our care.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to the Treasurer.

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180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.
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HON. A. E. PILLSBURY, Counselor
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Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

"Humane Bulletin" for Teachers

HUMANE Education laws now exist in twenty-six states of the Union. "The Humane Bulletin" has been prepared in order that teachers may present this subject to their pupils in a practical and attractive way. Fifteen thousand copies of the first edition were distributed in six months, and a second edition of equal size is now available.

The material is arranged for grades from Primary through Junior High and it makes a handy manual for busy teachers. It is a valuable addition to any school library.

The importance of this subject correlated with the regular studies in our public schools, is acknowledged. Many educators of prominence endorse this teaching. Our present Commissioner of Schools is in sympathy with the work and our former Commissioner, Dr. John J. Tigert, has declared his deep interest in the cause.

Boards of Education and Humane Societies wishing to supply their schools with this 96-page "Humane Bulletin," may do so at low cost. Single copies, 12 cents each, or ten copies for \$1.00, postpaid. Same price to teachers. Address, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Humane Education at Geneva

THE Anti-Vivisection and Humanitarian Review, the organ of a society that has been established at Geneva, the home of the League of Nations, the Bureau International Humanitaire Zoophile, is our source of information relative to the prominence given to Humane Education at the International Education Congress held in that city last August. It says:

In connection with this Congress a remarkable and very comprehensive International Education Exhibition was organized which was open from July 25 to August 24. For the first time the humane education of the child, which means the practical and theoretical teaching of animal protection, was granted its rightful place as one of the important factors in the preparation of the future citizen. The Bureau International Humanitaire Zoophile, 4, Cour St. Pierre, Geneva, founded by the Animal Defence and Anti-Vivisection Society of London, had a large and effectively arranged stall in the Exhibition, side by side with the League of Nations, educational associations, and child welfare organizations. This may justly be regarded as one of the great landmarks in the history of the animal protection movement. It augurs well for the future of our work that a stall, devoted to the interests of a cause which but a few decades ago was jeered at and despised, aroused much and serious attention among the intellectually superior type which made up the throng of visitors who came to study an Exhibition unique in scope and brilliant in achievement.

The color scheme of the stall was in the Animal Defence and Anti-Vivisection Society's colors, blue and yellow. On the wall, forming the background was displayed, in gold and vivid coloring, the international emblem of the Bureau International Humanitaire Zoophile, showing against the sun the globe of the earth surrounded by a rainbow and borne by a winged cherub bearing the legend: MANY COLORS ONE LIGHT.

The side walls were devoted to colored animal-protection posters for use in schools and to an interesting collection of painted posters done by English and American school children between the ages of eight and fourteen. A large selection of books and smaller publications dealing with nature study from the humanitarian point of view, for the use of teachers and children, were shown at the stall.

Part of the space was devoted to models, pictures and publications illustrating different branches of the practical animal protection work carried out by the International Bureau in Geneva and by The Animal Defence Society. Incorporated with the stall of the International Bureau was a collection of interesting and attractive exhibits from the American Humane Education Society.

The month devoted to this Exhibition must be counted as time and energy well spent, for it offered priceless opportunities for directing the attention of teachers from near and remote countries to the important part played in the training of the imagination and the formation of character by humane education. As a result, lessons in humaneness will be included in the future curriculum of schools of many nations.

The Fondouk in Fez

HERE is the report of the work at the Fondouk in Fez, Morocco, from April 1 to September 30, 1929:

No. of pack animals (horses, mules donkeys) boarded and treated.....	301
Average daily number of pack animals	35
No. of daily rations served.....	7,501
No. of pack animals treated as out-patients	198
No. of pack animals bought and humanely put to sleep.....	57

Francs*

Cost of feed for pack animals boarded and treated,...	19,998.60
" " daily meal for dogs in pound,	1,712.05
" " medicine,	717.90
" " wages,	10,934.00
" " veterinarian's fees,	21,000.00
" " superintendent's salary,	15,000.00
" " rent,	5,390.00
" " equipment,	759.91
" " incidentals,	1,544.46
" " animals humanely destroyed,	2,576.00
" " animals shod,	108.50
	79,741.42

* The value of the franc at this writing is 3.95 cents.

It is expected a new Fondouk will be finished and ready for dedication about the middle of December. So far as we can judge at the moment it will be dedicated without a deficit, thanks to the many friends who have contributed toward it.

A Book to Be Read

WE read recently a book published by the Macmillan Company which we wish might be widely read by our readers. Its title is "Thurman Lucas," by Harlan Eugene Read. It is the story of a second Jean Valjean—of a youth who had in him the making of rare, unselfish, noble character, but whose nature was so twisted, warped, embittered by an unjust prison sentence which condemned him to associate with the lowest of criminals that he sank for years to the very depths of hatred for the whole social system that had doomed him to his undeserved fate. How he found his soul at last, it is the purpose of the book to tell. With this runs a tale of a woman's unchanging faithfulness to this man whom she loved with a devotion that never wavered, a love that never failed in its belief in his love for her. Beautiful, pathetic, intensely human is the appeal of this book to our better natures. Just now, with all that is being said about our prison system and the outbreaks that have so startled us it is most timely. Beginning it you will scarcely want to leave it till you reach its end. Its author has made his own book much of the style, the spirit, and the deep sympathy with men which characterized Victor Hugo, whose Jean Valjean is one of the finest characters in all modern fiction.

The belfries of all Christendom

Now roll along

The unbroken song

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

LONGFELLOW

"Killing for Play"

Please Read This



CHRIS. SEWELL

thor's photograph is printed with the article and reveals a face as fine as the spirit of what she writes:—

It was Miss Mowcher, of David Copperfield fame—least of women but shrewdest of observers—who declared that in general we were a set of humbugs; and, as a rule, Miss Mowcher was right.

Take this killing-for-play business as an example. The youth who guards his Sealyham as the apple of his eye, and yet sees no inconsistency in pursuing a tortured and panting fox to its hideous end, is a humbug.

The girl who murmurs soft nothings to her prize Persian and tears over fen and brake, because it is "so topping" to watch a pack of dogs chase and ravage one frantic hare, is a humbug.

There are people who will mourn the death of a pet canary more loudly than the death of a relative, and riddle with shot the quivering body of a partridge and boast of it afterwards.

The realization came to me without any particular seeking. It winched down upon me almost suddenly and refused to be side-tracked.

I know that all life is sacred and beautiful, and that if it must be taken for some greater good, it must never be taken lightly and wantonly, but soberly, swiftly, as a grave and terrible necessity, and never, never as a jest to satisfy one's pride in good marksmanship or straight riding.

So the sound of the horn, which brought John Peel from his bed, thrills me no longer. I would sooner leave the meadows of God untrampled till eternity than tramp them, as I have done, with a gun beneath my arm, and the lust of "admirable slaughter" in my heart.

Never again, so help me, Heaven! will I get my recreation by bullying something pitiful and weak, something which cannot explain its views or defend itself.

Death of Mr. J. A. Forbes

We regret to announce that a letter received from his son tells us of the death, on August 23 last, of Mr. J. A. Forbes, foreign corresponding representative of the American Humane Education Society for New Zealand. Mr. Forbes was unusually zealous in the cause of animal protection and for several years had promoted a successful Be Kind to Animals Week in New Zealand. He gave liberally both of his time and money for this work, and we know not where to look for his successor.

"Open thy mouth for the dumb."

Cloister Chords

SISTER FIDES SHEPPERSON, PH. D.

World Amity

I

THE student of history stands perplexed at the story of the past. With the past as background he looks at today. He sees the future slumbrously potent in the passing hour.

In the story of the ages strife has brought about the great upheavals; and the animating forces of strife are fear and hate. Fear is elemental in human nature, it is part of the instinct of self preservation; but fear alone is ineffective for evil, it is strong only when aroused and sustained by misunderstanding and hatred; it then becomes the bed-rock basis of strife.

II

The problem of the hour is—to bring amity among the nations where enmity has so long prevailed; to expose, to hold up to world scorn the insidious sources of misrepresentation; to acquire and to disseminate that all-round knowledge of nations which conduces to a better understanding of them and, if necessary, to a pardoning of their past; to sublimate envy, ill will, rivalry, hate, into comprehensive understanding and brotherly love.

That is the problem: can it be solved? Yes.

III

There are today more men and women on the plane of super-nationalism than ever before. There are more hearts and voices joined today in the hymn of humanity, in the plea for world unity, world amity, world brotherhood, world peace, than ever before. These singers of peace on the heights will yet be heard in the valleys of the world and then there will not be war any more.

When the everyday men and women of all countries of the world say decisively, "Let wars cease," then wars will cease. Then the fabulous flow of wealth that is now wasted on armaments will be used to lift the rising generation to higher planes of thought and of life. Ten million children yet unborn will arise and call blessed those who shall have brought about disarmament.

among the nations and, in consequence, a warless world.

IV

Traditions die hard, and racial enmities smoulder through the centuries, and the great god Nationalism will try hard to hold his age-old power, and good people under the banner of patriotism will blunderingly and pitifully strive to perpetuate old evils, but in spite of all, the receptive minds of the children, if properly guided in the schools today, will rise above tradition, racial enmities, nationalism, and the blunderings of good people; they will attain unto the completed stature of citizens of the United World.

V

In the name of all the pivotal battles from Marathon to the Marne; in memory of all the blood that has drenched the battlefields of the ages; in honor of all the tears that have flowed for the loved and the lost in wars; in pity for the human wreckage left in the shallows of living death after the wars; in the interests of little children irreparably wronged by the wars, of generations in all countries of the world born into the bondage of war debts and war diseases, let there not be war any more: *let wars cease!*

O that the spirit of Christ would breathe over the earth! Then would good will dwell amongst men. Then would there be that force making possible world unity, world amity, world peace. Then would there be the brotherhood of all nations of the earth in the Father-God.

Folks Like You

*Wouldn't the world be nice to live in,
Cheery through and through,
If everyone were just as kind as
Folks like you?*

*'Course we can't get all we aim for
Every day it's true,
But there's one thing never fails us—
Folks like you.*

*Mighty sure when I embark for
Shores beyond our view,
I shall find that heaven is only
Folks like you.*

ANON.



CANINE DETECTIVE STAFF, DEBEERS DIAMOND MINES, KIMBERLEY

At the Kimberley Diamond Mines, South Africa, special precautions have to be taken against burglars. One of these is the use of Alsatian guard-dogs, which are highly trained for use as patrols on the various mines. The high degree of intelligence possessed by these animals was recently exhibited at the Kimberley Agricultural Show by means of a series of playlets.



The Australian Emu

P. B. PRIOR

THE emu of Australia is the largest bird species in the Commonwealth, and is found in many country districts. Yet it is not nearly as plentiful as it used to be in the early settlement days, for the white man has driven it far inland, and many of its numbers have been killed. Emus used to be quite plentiful near Sydney, New South Wales, for there is a large tract of land some thirty miles from the city, which is called Emu Plains, where emus in large numbers ran wild and unmolested.

This huge bird lays a very big egg, which is of a dark green shade and much the color of the grass. It builds no nest, just scratches out for itself a suitable hole in the ground and there lays its eggs, which generally number about six. As they are almost the same shade as the surroundings, they are thus protected to a large extent from the bird's enemies. These are snakes chiefly in Australia, for these reptiles are plentiful in many parts of the country, and being fond of eggs, often make a good meal from those of the emu.

"How are the emus laying down your way?" was the first query to capture the interest of a city dweller, on her first introduction to Australian outback life.

At first it sounded like a joke, but it was a sober truth. The breakfast omelette, the savories, the cakes and puddings, all depend upon the successful quest for an emu's nest with eggs in it.

The correct measurement is one tablespoon of emu egg, which is equal to one hen's egg, and the emu egg usually contains about nine to a dozen tablespoons.

Mrs. David Nevins

Just as we are going to press, we learn with deep regret of the death of Mrs. David Nevins of Methuen, Massachusetts, for a quarter of a century a director of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. It will be remembered that it was Mrs. Nevins who gave the Society its Rest Farm for Horses, at Methuen. Her love for animals was one of the chief attributes of her strong and remarkable character.

"Daddy of the Army Mule"

VINCENT B. WILSON

SOME day a history will be written of the indispensable part played by the humble long-eared mule in the winning of the West; and when it is, the name of General George Crook will lead all the rest as one who best understood and appreciated the mule's worth.

When General Crook was sent from Washington, in 1871, charged with the stupendous task of bringing order to the hostile Indian country of Arizona, his first act was not to look to his men, but to look to his mules. General Crook realized that the issue of his campaign would depend, in the end, upon the efficiency of his pack trains. Before his coming, the mule had been a scorned beast of burden, beaten, overloaded, and when no longer of use, abandoned to the coyotes. General Crook began by riding his organization of all cruel and inhumane drivers and packers. There was no room in his command for a "mule-skinner," i. e., a person who took pride in his ability to flick the skin from a mule with the cruel bull-whip; and the sight of a mule with pack sores, due to a carelessly adjusted pack, was enough to throw the General into a sulphureous rage.

General Crook carefully selected mules adapted for the terrible Arizona deserts and tortuous mountain trails, while to handle them he chose efficient and humane men. In a short time he built up a transportation system that was the marvel of the West.

And in many an isolated outpost hard-pressed Indian fighters cheered themselves hoarse to see in the distance a column of sweaty plodding mules. Crook's mules had got through with sorely needed ammunition and supplies. Always Crook's mules got through when they were needed, and with their aid General Crook was able to perform successfully the task his government had given him to do.

Among the Indians Crook was known as "the man who does not speak with the forked tongue." They grew to trust him as they trusted few whites. General Crook used the sword as a last resort, and the petty formalism of the militarist was not in him. He seldom wore a uniform, and his personal mount was a mule, faithful old "Apache." Because of his great affection for the army mule and his efforts to ameliorate its lot, he is known as the "daddy of the army mule."

Reindeer in Sweden

IN an interview with John Ball Osborne, United States Consul-General in Sweden, a foreign correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* writes:—

About 250,000 reindeer are found in Sweden. The census is difficult to take, both of reindeer and of the Lapps owing to their respective migratory habits. When the census man reaches their home, the Lapps may be up in the mountains, for they believe that they are the masters of the reindeer.

Nevertheless when the reindeer decide to move in search of food, their masters are bound to follow and to go where the reindeer leads, whether it is the boundaries allotted him or not. This often leads to serious differences between the tribes and even to

difficulties with the Norwegian and Finnish authorities. A treaty between Sweden and Norway regulates the number of reindeer passing the border. As the pasture land is limited, failure to hold to this treaty often causes trouble. Last spring two rich Lapps traveled to Stockholm and waited upon the King, hoping to persuade him to allow their reindeer to pasture on forbidden ground. Their mission failed, but there was much sympathy with the distracted masters who could not control their reindeer.

In Mr. Osborne's opinion, it is not true that the reindeer are disappearing. "I believe at present that there is an overproduction of reindeer for the pasture land available," he said. Reindeer are the only wealth of the Lapps—one reindeer is valued at on an average of 50 kroner.

An experiment has been made of taking Swedish Lapps from Norway to Alaska for the purpose of teaching the Indians how to care for reindeer.

Brazil to Protect Butterflies

DR. GEORGE WILTON FIELD

CRUELTY to animals, frequently or oftener, involves an element of anti-conservation. To impale living insects on pins is abhorrent. To forbid by statute the capture of the butterfly may at first sight appear trivial, a travesty on legislative dignity. Brazil proposes to pass a law to protect "her Big Blue Butterfly," which, as an ornament, has become a world-wide object of commerce. That the extinction of the species is possible is beyond question. The adult breeding butterfly is exposed to easy capture by cheap labor through the tendency of this king of butterfly glory to be attracted by the fluttering of a bit of blue silk, by the flashing of a small hand mirror, and by the redolence of decaying fruits, of animal by-products, and even by assafoetida. The capital required to start a native in business is but the cost of a silk hand net. The other adjuncts—a long bamboo rod, and "time" are products of the tropical environment available to all. Biologically, the speediest method of extirpating a species is to kill the adults of breeding age. The flying season of any of the several species of blue butterfly rarely continues more than a month. Hence, concentrated efforts to harvest while the sun shines. In this one month the daily flight takes place chiefly between 10 A.M. and 2 P.M. and consequently the "flyways" are punctuated and punctured by the netters and their nets.

Like our own, the Brazilian *politico* is often too prone to consider first how a statute law may affect his constituents, and not whether the general public is to get the greater service, or the incidence of Natural Law be interrupted. Press reports indicate that the proponents of the law to protect the Brazilian Blue Butterfly emphasized chiefly the fact that there are only a very few people in Brazil who make a living from the Blue Butterfly, and most of these are "foreigners." Of greater importance is the fact that such a law may well become an educative measure, preparatory to the greatly needed general policy of Conservation of Natural Resources, a conservation policy which will actually conserve rather than be one of mere "nationalization," as is sometimes the case in policies developed for political purposes only.

"Friend or Foe"

WE spoke in the preceding issue of this magazine of the hope that Science might by its discoveries of new and annihilatory methods of destruction so terrify mankind that no nation would dare make war lest it be wiped out of existence. We still cherish the hope that in this way Science may prove a friend of peace instead of its foe despite the following letter with its startling evidence to the contrary.

Editor, *Our Dumb Animals*,

Dear Sir:—

It is a vain hope, as in the editorial, "Friend or Foe" that war can be made so destructive that men will fear to kill each other. Take for instance the much talked about airplane: our artillery officers announce that they have perfected a four-inch battery that fires 100 rounds a minute, or ten shots every six seconds. The fuse is set, the muzzle velocity reckoned, the air density and wind velocity accounted for, the speed, direction and altitude of the plane determined, the guns aimed and fired—all by an electrical machine. And the shells don't have to hit the plane, just explode within 100 yards of it while their fragments fly off into space at the rate of 4,000 feet a second. By the time the aviator sees or hears the first shell explode sixteen more are on their way to rip him and his delicate plane into shreds. But scientific murder, called national defense, has gone even farther: a plane can be picked up in the dark, located by searchlights from which it cannot escape, and then proceed as before.

And it is the same way with the torpedo, the submarine, shrapnel, the tank and poison gas. Each new device brings forth its preventive and the balance of organized murder is restored. The impossibility of a super-destructive war was preached by David Starr Jordan in 1913 as it is today. Let us lull ourselves into no such vain security!

Sincerely,

MORRISON SHARP

EXECUTING YOUR OWN WILL**An Annuity Plan**

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the American Humane Education Society will receive gifts, large or small, entering into a written obligation binding the Society safely to invest the same and to pay the donor for life a reasonable rate of interest, or an annuity for an amount agreed upon. The rate of interest or amount of annuity will necessarily depend upon the age of the donor.

The wide financial experience and high standing of the trustees, John R. Macomber, president of Harris, Forbes and Company, Charles G. Bancroft, director of the First National Bank of Boston, and Charles E. Rogerson, president of the Boston Safe Deposit and Trust Company, to whom are entrusted the care and management of our invested funds, are a guaranty of the security of such an investment.

Persons of comparatively small means may by this arrangement obtain a better income for life than could be had with equal safety by the usual methods of investment, while avoiding the risks and waste of a will contest, and ultimately promoting the cause of the dumb animals.

The Canine Hero of Hollywood

GEORGE N. KRAMER

TO most people, "Kentucky Boy III," is just a big, good-natured dog, but to those who know him, he deserves a place in the ranks of canine heroes, especially since his recent intelligent act in saving a Hollywood motion picture and art studio from destruction by fire. Accordingly, the aristocratic Kentuckian was officially decorated recently with a silver medal which contains on the back the inscription, "Kentucky Boy III, for heroic service." It is an "Award of Brooks fund for humane education" honor.

"Tucky," as he is familiarly known, is naturally modest and unassuming but when

begin scratching at doors and windows and then bounding back to his master, who couldn't understand what it was the dog wanted. Returning to the building again, his alarming barks brought Mr. Byrne and others to the scene, where it was discovered that a fire was raging in the studio, although no one had seen the smoke. There was considerable damage already done to the place when the fire department arrived, but nothing compared to what it would have been, had Tucky not spread the alarm.

Next door, a large crowd was in the theater. Although the structure was fireproof, a panic might have resulted if the fire had not been reported by Tucky, according to the fire chief. Thus, the Airedale was responsible for the protection of human life.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of all is that the dog discovered the blaze and broke from his master while about a block and a half away from the building.

"I can't account for it," his master says. "I cannot explain it by saying it was his sense of smell alone. Just like an incident a few years ago when Tucky saved my own life. I was raking the yard, which was shaded by an enormous pepper tree. Tucky was asleep in the front room. I heard him suddenly rush through the house, out of the back door and to where I was. His vigorous barking and strange actions caused me to try to silence him and I ran toward him. At that instant there was a terrific crash and, looking, I saw a big branch of the pepper tree that had fallen on the exact spot I had left a moment before. I know it would have killed me, for it dug a large hole in the lawn where I had been raking leaves. How are you going to explain that?"

Kentucky Boy III is a blue ribbon pedigreed Airedale, with honest eyes and the bearing of a true aristocrat. He is a fine example of what a friend a dumb animal can be. Mr. Byrne, who is a lover of animals and is active in humane society circles, believes that too few people appreciate the worth of their pets or properly develop their friendships. "When a dog does something out of the way, it is broadcast far and wide and the whole tribe of dogs is condemned, but when he does something worth while, one hears little of it," Mr. Byrne says.

The hero of this story was sired by "Earlwood Warlock," coming from a famous kennel in Louisville, Kentucky, and is seven years old.

Why Do I Love Animals?

I love animals because it is natural to love them, their welfare being closely related to that of man himself.

Because I love my own life and I can understand that other beings love theirs in exactly the same way.

Because I believe in the dignity and the superiority of man and in the possibility of a relative happiness in this world.

Because I aspire to be a man in the largest and noblest acceptance of the word.

Because my ideal in morals and ethics is respect for all life.

From the French of Victor Preet



ROBT M. BYRNE AND HIS FAMOUS AIREDALE HERO, "KENTUCKY BOY"

he appeared on the lawn of the Beverly Hills home of Hobart Bosworth, actor and lover of animals, and in the presence of a crowd was decorated, every twisted hair on his Airedale hide quivered with pride.

"To you, Kentucky Boy, for heroism in saving property and human life," said Mr. Bosworth, fastening the medal to the dog's collar, in behalf of the State Commission for the Protection of Children and Animals.

Tucky was happy, everyone could see that. He nuzzled his nose under the hand of the donor in the most approved dog fashion and then made the rounds to receive the congratulations of the group who had come out to witness the ceremony.

The deed, for which he was signally honored, was performed on August 14. While out walking with his big son, Kentucky Boy, Junior, and his master, Robert M. Byrne, who had the dogs on the leash, Tucky suddenly struggled loose and bounded down the boulevard, making enough noise for a dozen dogs. Pedestrians, thinking they were about to witness a real dog fight, saw Tucky run to the studio building and

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected:

1. Special Band of Mercy literature.
 2. Several leaflets, containing pictures, stories, poems, addresses, reports, etc.
 3. Copy of "Songs of Happy Life."
 4. An imitation gold badge for the president.
- See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Four hundred and twenty-two new Bands of Mercy were reported during October, nearly all being in schools. Of these, 144 were in Massachusetts, 65 in South Carolina, 63 in Rhode Island, 49 in Maine, 33 in Illinois, 20 in North Carolina, 19 in Virginia, 14 in Pennsylvania, six in Missouri, three in Georgia, two in New York, two in Delaware, and one each in Mississippi and Texas.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent-American Society, 173,046

The Old Blue Jay

A Folk Song

ANNE H. ROSS

"The Jaybird sat on a hickory lim'
He winked at me, and I winked at him."
But, though I have wondered for many a day,

What that wicked wink was meant to say,
I've never been able to make it out,
For my mind's still in a maze of doubt.

"The Jaybird sat on a hickory lim'
He looked at me,—and I looked at him."
What that look conveyed I shall never tell.
You see, I don't, myself, know well.
But, of this I'm sure,—'twas something keen
By his saucy eye and mischievous mien.
Was he boasting of his robberies bold,
Of nests despoiled of treasured gold?
What a bold, bad bird he aspires to be,
How he breaks all the rules of chivalry?
Well, possibly so, but all I can say,
He's the same old scamp,—that old Blue jay!

The Boys and the Squirrels

M. LOUISE HASTINGS

WHEN we moved into one of the pretty suburbs of Boston several years ago, we found a house with a grove of oak-trees behind. It was a delightful place, for the birds, especially the scarlet tanager, often came there to get food. Squirrels, too, liked the oak-trees.

One day, after we had lived there a week or so, I heard two lively neighboring boys in our back yard. With slings they were doing their best to hit a squirrel which had been peacefully eating his nuts. I gave one glance at their maneuvers and went into the yard. Then and there I told them all that I knew about squirrels and their habits and I made the information and conversation as interesting as possible.

"It is a far better thing to watch the squirrels around here than to kill them," I

Hero Dog Receives M. S. P. C. A. Medal

"Prince" Rewarded for Saving Two-Year-Old Ileana Depson from Tracks at Holbrook

Condensed from report in *Christian Science Monitor*, November 7, 1929



Photo from Boston Globe

TWO-YEAR-OLD ILEANE DEPSON AND HER DOG, "PRINCE," WHO SAVED HER FROM THE RAILWAY TRACKS

ILEANE DEPSON of Holbrook, golden of hair and sapphire of eyes, fetched her dog "Prince" into the Angell Memorial Hospital in Boston for a very special reason. Prince is black and white, with a little tan, and he is a few parts collie, and all parts a gentleman. And the reason Ileana fetched Prince to the Angell Memorial was to have a medal attached by a ribbon to his collar. For you see, Prince, not long ago, saved Ileana's life.

Ileana is just turned two. Her hair is a cloud of gold framing her perpetually amused face. Perhaps the crinkling mirth of her blue eyes had something to do with it; anyhow Ileana wandered away from home one morning and on to the railroad track. A train came into sight, far down the track, and Ileana sat on the track not seeing it. But Prince saw it; Prince had tagged along with Ileana when she left the house and he was snuffing about in the meadow when the train came into view.

He dashed down the track, barking at the train, running back and forth between the ties, but the train didn't slacken speed. He

dashed to Ileana and nosed her to her feet. Things grew serious; Prince took control. He seized Ileana by her smock, and if you're a stickler about such matters, he tore a good part of her smock off, but he got Ileana off the track and a few dozen feet away, rolling over and over, in the meadow, before the train thundered over the spot where Ileana had been sitting.

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, president of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, went out with Prince and with Ileana, and Ileana's mother, Mrs. John Depson, and Ileana's sister Eleanor, into the courtyard of the Angell Memorial to have his picture taken when the medal was affixed to his collar.

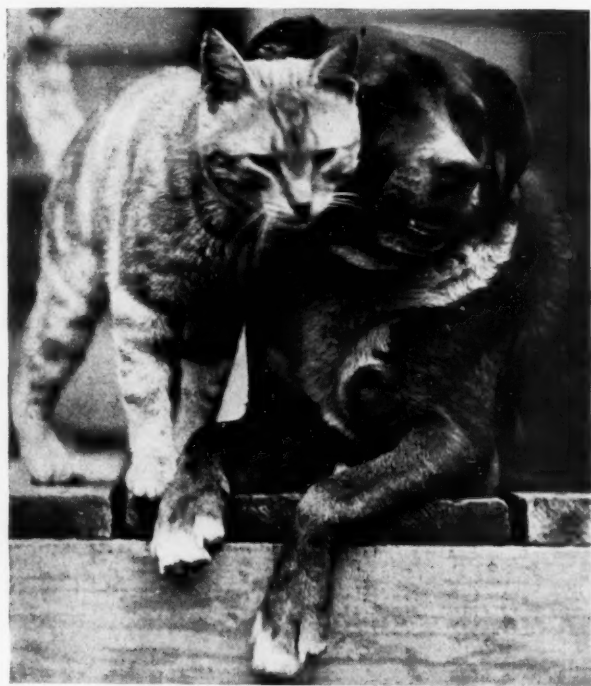
Prince came, a tramp dog, with the stoutest heart in the world, into the Depson family.

The medal bears the inscription "To Prince, for saving the life of Ileana Depson," and on the reverse, "Presented by the Mass. S. P. C. A., Boston, 1929." It is an inch and three-eighths in diameter, with a ring for attaching it, and is solid silver.

Each morning one or two little squirrels would jump upon the clothes pole for nuts. I was not the only one who fed them. They became the special property of these boys, as far as feeding went, but they lived in their own domain, wherever it was, free and happy.

In such ways are the minds of boys and girls diverted from doing cruel things. If they can be interested in studying about birds and animals the desire to harm them will disappear.

CHILDREN'S PAGE



CLOSE COMPANIONS

A Musical Cow

M. LOUISE C. HASTINGS

DID any of you ever hear of a musical cow? One summer our youngest daughter took her harmonica into the country when we went there on our vacation. She was playing it in the summer house one late afternoon when the cows were coming home from pasture. Neither she nor her family knew that a cow ever cared for music. In fact, our "cow knowledge" was somewhat limited in every respect.

To the astonishment of all of us, one cow climbed the banking by the stone wall, and stood there with head upraised, looking at our little daughter. This was so unusual that, to prove that it had not "just happened," our young musician experimented with her harmonica and the cow. Whenever she played within sound of the cow, the animal would raise her head and try to get nearer to the music.

Will You?

MARGARET E. BRUNER

IF by chance I should be absent
When the wintry shadows creep,
And all the earth lies numb and chill
Wrapped in a frozen sleep,—

Will you sweep the snow from the pathway
When the flock of sparrows comes,
And give each little hungry waif
A feast of Christmas crumbs?

The Happy Tree

ALFARETTA LANSING

UPON my Christmas tree shall be
Red berries for wild birds, and free.
There shall be suet for the poor
And hungry birds who seek my door.

My tree shall have a Christmas Star
To shine upon it from afar,
While near the furry rabbits wait
To nibble carrots by my gate.

There shall be nuts upon my tree,
So that small squirrels skip with glee;
And candy for some lonely boy—
A toy shall add to someone's joy.

The candle that I light shall guide
The Christ-Child where His friends abide—
The faithful friends who kneel to pray
Where once a babe in manger lay.

The ox and lamb, the wolf and bear,
And all that dwell in byre or lair,
Each poor wild thing in want or pain,
Shall dream He walks the earth again.

I'll deck a living Christmas tree,
That it may grow contentedly,
And see the Christmas come, once more,
With all small friends who seek my door.

Spot's Sixth Sense

BLANCHE CASON NAYLOR

"SPOT" was just a big old shepherd dog which we had raised from a woolly, tumbling puppy. He was the playfellow of all the children, trained to harness and driven between the shafts of the express wagon like a veteran steed. Gentle and affectionate, he submitted without resentment to the climbing of the "littlest" brother upon his back, or to having his ears pulled by the little sister.

We lived in a rather lonely place with no very near neighbors, in the suburbs of a small town. Father was away from home a great deal during the winter months and it was upon these occasions that Spot displayed his greatest sagacity.

At all other times, Spot slept in his kennel in the backyard, but when Father was away from home and the household had retired, there would always come the familiar sound of the great soft feet padding up the steps to the porch upon which the door of Mother's bed-room opened. Slowly he would lay himself down across Mother's closed door, and then with a sigh, his regular breathing would begin, soon to deepen to a snore.

"There's Spot. He knows your father's gone," Mother would say—and we who before had been listening with little frightened flutters for strange foot-falls would calmly sink into slumber, sure of protection by our faithful guardian, whose sixth sense had told him the master was away.

The Early Christmas Shopper Gains Many Advantages

Selection may be made much more leisurely and comfortably as the inevitable crowds of later on are avoided.

Assortments are more extensive than later and there's always a pleasure in choosing from the first showings.

There will be less tension upon the delivery and other branches of the business—all making for your satisfaction.

Salespeople have more time and opportunity to render the service we and they are both anxious to give.

Salespeople—and saleswomen particularly—will be relieved of some of the stress and strain of the just-before-Christmas rush.

Jordan Marsh Company

The Store that's filled with the Spirit of Christmas

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

"SCOTTIE," M. Benson Walker.

Young readers in their teens will enjoy this book of true stories in which two Scotch collies, "Scottie" and "Laddie," play the leading roles. Their checkered and adventurous careers from puppyhood days to past maturity are told in the first person, by "Scottie," who manages to relate a great deal of the life of the family where he and his brother live, as well as his own. He begins with their puppyhood, and tells how his handsomer brother "Laddie" is chosen as a Christmas present, but how he also happened to be taken along. He makes up for any lack of beauty by an intense loyalty. As they grow up, there are the usual, and other experiences of any well-ordered dog's life. Then comes the outbreak of the war. "Laddie's" master, Harold, is called to the colors and goes overseas. "Laddie" accompanies him as mascot, and "Scottie" is left at home to carry on. Later comes the sad news that the young soldier has fallen in ac-

tion, but no word is heard from his dog comrade for many weeks. At last "Laddie" comes home, a veteran, full of scars and honors. The loose ends of life at the old home are picked up anew.

The real author is a journalist and former overseas aviator who knows and loves his dogs and adorns his tales of them aptly and entertainingly. There are four full-page illustrations in color.

250 pp. \$2. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York.

ANIMAL LOVER'S KNAPSACK, Edwin Osgood Grover.

Another anthology of animal verse! We cannot have too many such if they all are compiled as carefully as is this one of Professor Grover. The present volume is the second of a series, the first being "The Nature Lover's Knapsack." An indication of the type of selections in the "poems for lovers of our animal friends" is shown by the division headings: "Man's Best Friend, the Dog"; "Man's Burden Bearers"; "Kit-

tens and Cats"; "Hunters and Hunted"; "The Lyric Choir"; "Minor Singers"; "Birds of the Open Sky"; "Barnyard Friends"; "Little Brothers of the Ground"; "Wings and Stings." Many new poets are represented, including selections originally appearing in *Our Dumb Animals*. There are also several old favorites. What anthology of this kind would be complete without J. G. Holland's "To My Dog Blanco"?

"Animal Lover's Knapsack" will be in special demand by teachers, all of whom should possess themselves of a copy for Humane Day in Schools. There is an attractive frontispiece in photogravure.

288 pp. \$2.50, cloth; \$3.50, leather. Thomas Y. Crowell Company, New York.

Our Dumb Animals

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TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

Humane Societies and Agents are invited to correspond with us for terms on large orders.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

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Associate Life	50 00	Branch	1 00
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For each five dollars contributed to either Society, the giver is entitled to have two copies of *Our Dumb Animals* additional to his own, sent for one year to any persons whose addresses are mailed to us.

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate name of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).



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